THE OLD DETECTIVE ON THE PU-TILITY OF DISGUISES.

A Young Clergyman Who Wanted to Marry a Bich and Aged Widow-Steps Taken by the Lawyer to Prevent It-The Crisis at the Senitarium-Moral of Trifles That Betray Abe Cronkite, the former detective, who had been pacing the prison hospital floor with

the restlessness of an active man under enforced idleness, suddenly stopped short and drew up a chair by the old Colonel. "Those fellows yonder," he began, indicat-

ing with his thumb a group of convalescents over by the window, "those fellows make me weary with their boastings of how easy a thing it is for a man to conceal his own identity. Why, when you sift their stories down, what do they amount to except a mustache stuck on here, a coat turned there, a limp assumed, slouch hat handy; tricks too stale to Twas inclined to believe that Hiram Hawks, doubt in a constable at a county fair! Let me tell you that it is only by constant thought and the most particular care that a trained detective is able to cover up his peculiarities, to say nothing of his phiz, so that they wont sive him away. Why, I remember when one of the allekest Secret Service men in the country was causht dead to rights by a woman simply because he took his penkinfe out of his pocket and pared his nails in the way he had been in the habit of doing under variety different circumstances. And the eleverest natural actor I ever came across, who could assume not only the appearance but also the spirit of almost any character with but few artificial appliances, a cool fellow, too, full of resources, at the time when the job of his life demanded the most exacting attention to the most trilling details, revealed his identity as unmistakably as fin his name had been stamped all over him.

That For all his cunning he was a human ostation of the state of the second of the state of the second of the s take in a constable at a county fair' Let me

actor in one of Dickens's works did when he played Othello.

"I was working in a private agency shop down in the city when one day the boss called me in and said: 'Abe,' says he, 'old Hiram Hawks has asked me to send him one of our best men for an inquiry. Now, as all the other boys are out on assignments, I think I can safely let you fill the bill without casting any reflections on them or you.' Well, I said something back about the more he reflected the more he thought of me, just to keep my end up, you know, and went about the business without further ado. I knew old Hiram Hawks as about the shrewdest family lawyer in the State: a close old file, with his safe chock full of wills he had drawn, and his pigeonholes crammed with the papers of estates he had quartered; a man who never went into court without getting a big allowance, but who made no allowance for what he did get in his charges to his clients; an office lawyer, in a word, who held office for all there was in it, you can just bet.

"Hiram Hawks knew me, too. There was "I walked up and down the veranda. Colonel." "Walked up and down the veranda. Colonel.

"I walked up and down the veranda. Colonel.

"Hiram Hawks knew me, too. There was no preliminary sparring. 'Abe,' said the old lawyer, 'in the course of your peregrinations were you ever at the Swanville Sanitarium?'
"I was never in that section of the State,'

I answered. "Good, says he; 'now you could be bilious on a pinch?"
"With a pinch or so of some stuff I know
of, I could look far more bilious than I am." I

replied.

"Exactly, says he. Then your name is James Blockson, retired merchant, with a touch of bile, and here's a letter from my old friend, Dr. R. L. Z. Lesley, recommending you to the particular care of Prof. Raven, the

friend, Dr. R. L. Z. Lesley, recommending you to the particular care of Prof. Raven, the head of that famous institution.

"That's easy,' says I, 'now get down to what's going to be hard.'

"And then he told me, Colonel, that a wrongheaded old lady client of his, whose husband had left her about ten cool million unconditionally, and who had no one in the world to leave it to in turn but a granddaughter who lived with her, had taken up amazing with a young English clergyman, staying at the sanitarium, and that he wanted some one to be on hand to see what the man's game was any he sanitarium, and that he wanted some one to be on hand to see what the man's game was any way, and if it was crooked to block it. The old lady's name was Mrs. Eliza Paynter—you remember Paynter who struck oil in the sixtles, don't you?—the clergyman passed as the Rev. Claude Hastings, and the grand-daughter was Miss Rachel.

"Yery good. I began to ask questions. Where

"Very good Toegan to ask questions. Where do you get your information? I asked. "'Mrs. Paynter's maid has always been very communicative to me for the welfare of her mistress,' said old Hiram, but she is getting aged and decrepit, and I fear half-foolish." "Well, what is the Englishman up to?' I con-tinued

"Well, whatis the Englishman up to?" I continued.

"Marriage,' he said, "and Mary Allen, that's the maid, you know, reports that the old lady will take him certain. Think of it, nearly three score and ten, and so apoplectic that the next seizure will carry her off by lightning express. And yet she's as keen and practical as the devil; no court in the country would hold for a moment that she wasn't competent to manage her own affairs.

"Then why don't you let her do it?' I went on. Young men have married old women before

on. Young men have married old women before and both been happy. Just because he's got an eye for the main chance is no sign that he's

's a chance that he is,' said "There's a chance that he is,' said Hiram Hawks with a sigh, 'and after you see his charmer you'll think so too. Of course, if she marries him she will give every cent to him, and then where will Miss Rachel be, and where will I be, too? As her will now to him, and then where will Miss Rachel be, and where will I be, too? Asher will now stands the granddaughter inherits as she would in law, and I have charge of the estate. Do you think I'm going to be done out of any such rich business for the lack of a little intelligent inquiry? And I'll tell you something else, Mr. Abe Cronkite, since you're so keen to know, my son, Hiram, Jr., and Miss Rachel have been lovers for years.'

"Then why doesn't he look out for his lady love?' I asked.

have been lovers for years."

"Then why doesn't helook out for his lady love? I asked.

"Because if the old lady dreamed of a such a thing she'd disinherit her granddaughter anyway,' answered old Hawks. 'She's been poisoned against my boy and has forbidden him her presence since he was a child. There's nothing he can do except wait, so he's off for Europe with some of his college friends. And now do you wonder why I'm so interested?

"Oh, yes.' said I. 'I wonder all right, but in another direction. I wonder why you don't take more drastic means.

"Find out something first,' said he with a flerce light in his little eyes, 'and if it's criminal I'll have that Hastings behind the bars, and if it's only disreputable, I'll write him up in the papers in a way to make his hair curl. But he's a cunning fellow and well fortified in every direction with the most unexceptionable references and letters to our best people. It will take some slick work. Abe, to show up the real man, so get yourself up like a middle-aged dyspeptic and into that institution as quickly as possible.

"I wasn't especially stuck on the assignment, Colonel, Putting my own private knowledge with what he told me I thought the old lady was bound to get the worst end of it in any event. Of course Hiram Hawks's motives were perfectly selfish, his couldn't be anything else. He wanted the estate for himself and for his son, a young man of whom I had heard nothing but evil reports; a spoiled child, wild, extravagant, always mixed up in some scandal, yet tolerated in society on account of his cleveness as an annateur actor. No doubt, the old lady had been right in her interdict of him. Still, it might well be, not-withstanding, that this Hastings up at the Sanis-

the scent of burning paper, and then of burning wax, there could be no doubt about it, some lead document was being consumed in the presence and, therefore, with the consent of the the standard paper. The standard paper was the standard paper of the standard paper

trader, and before I could speak it was too late; the man had escaped:

"There was a strange, penetrating, stifling oder about the room, Colonel, as I entered, which I understood as soon as I heard the story of Mury Ellen, the maid. It seems this faithful old servant had the habit of prowling around at night, covering up her mistress, and the like, and that she happened in from her little side room just as Hastings stood over Mrs. Paynter, pressing a sponge, saturated with some volatile drug of a deadly insture, down on her nostrils. The testimony at the inquest did not show exactly what this combination must have been, but it did show that its effect was to give a viestim the appearance of having died of apoplexy. At all events, poor Mrs. Paynter was dead, whether from fright or by the hands of an assassin God alone knows.

in some scandal, yet tolerated in society on account of his cleverness as an anatuer are very consecution of his cleverness as an anatuer are very consecutive of his cleverness as an anatuer are very consecutive of his cleverness as an anatuer are very consecutive of his patients, that this Hastines up at the Sanitarium was an impostor who ought to be exposed. Hiram Hawks was a good customer of ours, and it was none of my business to look into the rights of a case too closely; so fitting myself out like a prosperious, retired business man, without any particular style or education. I made my way to Swanville.

"You may have heard of the Sanitarium, Colonel, My letters gave me the right series of an introduction, and Pfof. Raven, in showing me to a second story front, just over about the middle of the long veranda, assured me that I was surrounded by the most select of his patients. Thus I came to know that the Rev. Claude was only two doors away, which the suite of rooms occupied by Mrs. Paynter the got a southern exposure.

"If was a queer place, Colonel, a sort of a cross between a hotel and a hospital, and as cranky as I've always found hail-breads to be. A long-drawn-out place, with endiess hals, and rooms set as regular and close to a subduced air about it, as the place, with endiess hals, and rooms set as regular and close to a subduced air about it, as the place with endiess hals, and rooms set as regular and close to the servents of the resurrection. A watery place, Colonel, you'd think that you were at Niagara for the shower baths a-splashing, and though you had an idea that the steaks and chops might be medicated. The bill of fare reminded me of a prescription; and as for anything in the line of geniality or heartiness, well, like the pepter castor, it wasn't there.

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woman wore one, and many wore two; so it was as hard to discriminate among the bundles that waddled into the dining room as to pick out some particular munmy in a museum. Still. When I saw an old lady unwind one great woollen layer and hand it to the young man on whose arm she had entered with a languishing. Yes, dear Claude, if you think the gray will be quite warm enough for me. I felt certain that I had found my quarry. They sat just beyond me, she facing, he with his back to me, and I had an excellent chance to study them. Mrs. Paynter was a twisted old creature, with an enormous nose and a mass of flaxen hair around which the gray stuck out, like truth popping up here and there amid the perjuries of a lawsuit. She had a nervous, excited expression on her face, which aroused my interest, as if she was pulled hither and thither by conflicting forces. The more I watched her the surer I felt, that however natural her maid's suspicions might have been, her regard for her companion, while strong was more maternal than passionate, more kindly than selfish. Perhaps she may have cherished some possible ideals, poor thing, and yet have been sensible enough to know they were impossible; but if I was any judge of the human countenance, there was far more sacrifice than easer possession in the tender way in which she looked at him.

Twas inclined to believe that Hiram Hawk's doubts of the domine. Colonel, were wellfounded. Everything about him, the minoral walked up the room, the stiff manner in which, except once or twice, he bore himself, bit thick black hair, which was long and proved by the passe flexible head his eye plasses.

That Proved Profitable.

"If any of you men think that people of Norr New Jones and the people of Norr New Jones and the people of Norr New Jones and the province on the province on the people of Norr New Jones and the province on the people of Norr New Jones and the province on the people of Norr New Jones and the province on the people of Norr New Jones and the province on the people of No

I had never spoken more than a dozen words to the fellow, but that morning he stopped me in the hall and addressed me with the familiarity of an old crony.

" 'Hello,' he said. 'Have you been up to see the lodger in the third-story rear room yet?" 'No,' said I. 'I didn't know there was a third-story rear room, much less a third-storyrear-room lodger

'Well,' said my neighbor, there is. If you ain't been up there, you'd better go pretty seen. You wen't have a chance much longer. "'Why not?' said I. 'What's the matter with him?"

"'Dying,' returned my neighbor, concisely and passed on

"Now, I am not a cold-blooded man by nature, but adversity had hardened me some what, and when I heard that report I made a

From the Richmond Times. Mr. R. C. McAllister of Fort Gaines, Ga., few days since captured a "beiled" buzzard and advertised the fact in the newspaper. The men who belled the buzzard have been found Athens, and the story as told by them is quite in Athens, and the story as fold by them is quite interesting:

In 1863, thirty-seven years ago, a company of Echols Light Artillery, from Orglethorpe county, was located at Camp Leon, a few miles from Tallahasse, Fla. Buzzards were plentiful, and one day several members of the company, including Messrs. Smith and Davis, set a 'sapling trap' for the birds, using a tempting bait of spoiled meat. Ere long a hig buzzard was jerked up. The men had no wish to kill him and it was decided to put a bell on him and let him go.

din go.

This was done, and a bronze bell, answering almost exactly the description given by McAllister, was tied to the bird's neck, leather collar was used and some date was

From the Chicago Record. Four Japanese miners were entombed for twelve days in the Matsuyasu colliery lately nost of the time without light, and were none the worse when dug out. One of the men said that for some time after the oil was exhausted they felt a bit low spirited, but that in a few days they become accustomed to the darkness and were able to get along pretty well. The in-cident exhibits in a striking manner the powers of endurance possessed by the little Jap.

From the Chicago Post. "Well, to tell the truth," returned the thoughtful youth, "I really didn't know that I proposed, but she accepted me, so I guess that settles it. I tell you this MURDER HIDDEN BY FIRE.

AN EPISODE OF THE BURNING OF THE PLANTERS HOTEL. While the Flames Raged Five Gamblers Sa Grimly in an Upper Room to Play a Big Hand Out-Pistols Drawn When the Hands

Were Shown-Survivor Tells the Story "A great many stories have been told of exiting incidents at the burning of the Planters Hotel in St. Louis," said Sam Harvey, the oldtime Mississippi River traveller, who was i New York a few days ago looking after busi ness interests which became large enough to enable him to retire, some years ago. none of the little party I was in that night, he continued, "really cared about telling our experience after we learned how tragical th fire really was, and I don't suppose this particular story has ever been told."

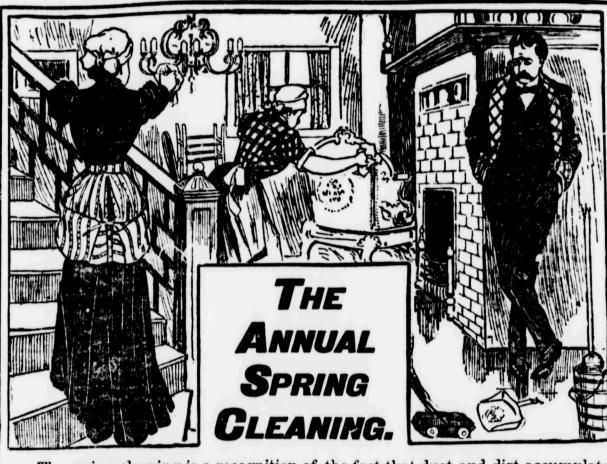
Harvey was one of four veteran sports who sat in a back room uptown sipping their whiskey and water, and smoking cigars as the talked over the adventures of their earlier days. The talk had drifted around to reminis cences of the poker table, as it often does, and after two or three stirring tales, Harvey mentioned the famous fire.

"There were five of us playing poker that night," he said, "in a room on the fourth floor of the hotel, where we had met by appointment, for the game had been arranged three weeks ahead, and was to be a fight to the finish with more or less bad blood between two of the players. This feeling which we all knew was liable to break out in a fight, was a bitterness of long standing, which had been intensified b the circumstances of a same in which we had river packets between Memphis and Natchez Card playing on the river, even then, was no what it had been, for the scandal of the grea games and of the occasional tragedies that fol lowed them had made many of the steamboa captains careful. Still there was considerable playing and occasionally a stiff game, and one of these was the one I spoke of. "I had gone down the river with Charlie

Upton, who was a speculator in almost anything, from a cotton crop to a monkey flush, but wh was never a professional. There was on th same boat, however, one of the regular old time river gamblers. Harris by name, who followed no other industry but card playing and spent most of his time on the boats. played, then, as often as I had time and oppor tunity, and we had one or two sittings before we got to Memphis, with two fellow traveller whose names I don't remember, but there had been no heavy play. At Memphis these two got off and Maurice Jennings and Pegleg Hopkins got on the boat. Jennings was a Mississipp planter, whom I knew very well. He had jussold some property in Memphis, as I learned at terward, and had considerable money with him Hopkins was a gambler whom I had never seen before. I had heard often enough about him as a nervy player, who was not above suspicion though he had never, so far as I know, beer caught in any crooked play. For that matte there wasn't a professional on the river who was above suspicion, so he stood about at par in the fraternity. He had followed Jennings probably on account of Jennings having the

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senare stane, thouch, and no phenomenal hands were shown to entity was perfectly lines, and so were Upton and I. What the two the party shown to entity and the property of the board of the third of the board of the third of the board of th



The spring cleaning is a recognition of the fact that dust and dirt accumulate in the house during the long winter months. The house appears to be clean There is no dirt visible. But the housewife knows that lack of air and sunlight in closed rooms means an accumulation of dust and dirt. She knows more than this: She knows that the presence of such accumulations offers a harborage to disease germs.

The body is a house. Through the long winter months it is closely shut in by heavy clothing. It lacks sunlight and fresh air. It is weakened by living in an overheated and foul atmosphere. It accumulates a certain clogging refuse from the heavy foods necessary to winter warmth. For this reason the body needs its own spring cleaning. The languor and weariness, the tired and "played-out" feelings which are so commonly associated with the spring season are the evidences of a sluggish and impure condition of the blood. More than all else, this impure condition of the blood offers a prepared breeding ground for disease, and greatly increases the liability to serious maladies.

Everybody recognizes the need of a blood cleansing remedy in the spring. The mistake made by many people is to use some alcoholic medicine, which overcomes that "tired feeling" simply by keeping the body stimulated. These so called medicines are of no real benefit, and do not cleanse the blood.

The first thing to be noted of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is that it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. The results that follow its use are real and permanent, not the superficial results of stimulation. It entirely eliminates from the blood the poisons which feed and breed disease. The result is that it cures eruptions, pimples, blotches, scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, and other forms of disease which originate in impure blood.

The tonic effect of "Golden Medical Discovery" is remarkable. It not only cleanses the blood of impurities, but it enriches it, and increases its flow by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands. There is a great deal of talk about "blood-making medicines." But it is only talk. No medicine can make a drop of blood. Blood is made from food, after it has been properly digested and assimilated. "The blood is the life," but if the body is not fed the life current fails. The blood is life only while the body is properly fed and nourished. It is the recognition of these fundamental physiological facts in the preparation of "Golden Medical Discovery" to which may be attributed in no small degree its wide range of remarkable cures. The blood supply is reduced and its quality impaired whenever there is disease of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition. By curing diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, "Golden Medical Discovery" enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food which is converted into nutrition, and in the form of pure blood strengthens every organ of the body. It makes new blood and new

New Blood and New Life. | Eczema from Head to Foot. | "I must again send a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along since taking the wonderful medicine which cured me two years ago," writes

"I was troubled with excellent from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet," writes Mrs. Ella Quick. of which cured me two years ago," writes

Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich. "Could and for a weak, run-down condition, that anybody could want. I was very nervous and weak last summer. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it just made me feel like a new person. It gives a person new life and new blood. I can now work all day long without feeling the least bit tired. In fact, I feel like a new person."

I had done, and was advised to try it at once.

"I had been getting worse all the time. I took thirteen bottles of the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles the sore had healed up. I wish you success."

Mrs. Ella Schall, of Whitehaven, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me in one month, sound and well. You remember my case was abscess of the breast. We had spent lots of money."

not walk at times, nor wear my shoes. St. Louis, Mo. "I still continue in very good health, and think there is not a better medicine on earth than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Thought there was no help for me—at least the doctor said there was none. I went to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. went to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Bad Blood Purified.

"I feel it my duty to write to you of the wonderful curative powers of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes George S. Henderson, Esq., of Denaud, Lee Co., Florida. "I had a sore on Lee Co., Florida. my right ear, and my blood was badly out of order. I tried local doctors, but with no good results. Finally, I wrote you the particulars in my case and you Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had done, and was advised to try it at once.

The description of the discovery had done, and was advised to try it at once.

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TWENTY-ONE CENTS, in one-cent stamps, will pay expense of mailing Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, paper covers. The stamps cover the expense of

Address :

Dr. R. V. PIEROE, Buffalo, N. Y.

MILWAUKEK, May 10.—"Arbutus Day" has proved such an all round success, viewed either from the æsthetic or the practical standpoint, that it is likely to become a permanent annual festival in Wisconsin—a sort of Western May Day, with a prosaic modern commercial aspect effectually disguised under gehuine old-fashioned sentiment. For a week the town has been full of the delicious fragrance of trailing the force. And that was what the wholly plain before. And that was what the woll plain before. And that was what the wholly plain before. And that was what the wholly plain before. And that was charter and wance plain before. And that was the wholly plain before. And that was that wholly and wance plain before. And that was the wholly and wance plain before and the woll plain before and the plain before and the woll plain before and the p been full of the delicious fragrance of trailing arbutus. Ordinarily, the flower is difficult to obtain here. Florists get only small shipments, which are speedily disposed of, and unless he has an accommodating friend up in the woods to send him a box of the pink and white blossoms, the lover of arbutus must content himself with the scantiest of supplies. But this week, while no one person, perhaps, has had an unusually large quantity, thousands of Milwaukee people have gone about with sprises of the forest flower pinned to their coats

that locality other than those of its woods.

There is fine water power to be developed in that region, minerals of all sorts waiting to be unearthed, embryo farms only needing by the wives of millionaire lumberness were

Point, Grand Rapids, Centralia and Eagle Riverfor the offices to open and to begin.

Every town sent its distinctive greeting with the flowers. Grand Rapids and (chetralia, which have recently been consolidate, put their bouquets into square white covelopes which held wedding cards reading.

Married
In Wood County
at the Foot of the Grand Rapids
of the
Wissonsin River
Tuesday, March 13, 1900
The City of Centralia The City of Grand Rapids
For Mutual Improvement and Advancement
the Fresence of More than Five Thousand
Admining Friends.